

The Capital Journal
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co., 136 South Commercial street. Telephone—Circulation and Business office, 51; Editorial rooms, 52. G. PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher.
Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier 50 cents a month. By mail 50c a month, \$1.25 for three months, \$2.25 for six months, \$4 per year in Marion and Polk counties. Elsewhere \$5 a year.
By order of U. S. government, all mail subscriptions are payable in advance.

Advertising representatives—W. D. Ward, Tribune Bldg., New York; W. H. Stockwell, Peoples Gas. Bldg., Chicago.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

* WHERE YOUR TREAS. *
* URE IS THERE WILL YOUR *
* HEART BE ALSO—Mat. 6:21. *

Oregon Observations

Eugene—Excelsior made from larch wood is now being cut extensively for a local manufacturing plant, which has 128 men in the woods at the present time.

Bend—Grangers from all over Oregon found themselves eating off of peculiar plates at an outdoor banquet given there here during their convention. One of the local mills had supplied thin strips of white pine for the purpose, while another cut up other slabs into clever menu boards.

Portland—Western red cedar shingles from Oregon are shipped to every state in the union, a report prepared by the district forester shows. California is the heaviest buyer. About 3 per cent of the total amount goes to the southern states.

Portland—Iceless refrigerators invented by Lieutenant Rex Barnet of Portland may have proven so satisfactory that the company has undergone an extraordinary period of expansion in the first year of its operation. Several thousand cars have been sent out to all parts of the west.

Marshfield—Shingles are once more to be turned out at Marshfield by the C. A. Smith mill, which has resumed operation of that section of its plant.

Grants Pass—To effect a greater saving in gold being taken from Bridge creek in Josephine county, an electrically operated gold saving machine is to be installed.

Hood River—These are prosperous days for strawberry pickers, who are now earning around \$7.50 per day. The crop is just now ripening in fine form.

Portland—A different broom for each day of the year and then some to spare is turned out by a local factory, which lists 375 varieties on its sales slips. The backs are of Oregon hard maple, while the bristles come from Russia and the fibers from palm trees in half a dozen tropical lands.

Portland—Contracts for enough apple boxes to run a factory all summer have been secured by the Belle Lumber company, which has just commenced erection of its box factory.

Portland—The first warehouse of the Pacific Products company is nearing completion. This company will turn out fertilizers.

Portland—As many courses as you wish, all of Oregon products will be served by Portland caterers during Shrine week. Associated Industries has also arranged for window displays of nationally advertising Oregon made goods, which will appear in company with sheets from the magazines in which their advertisements are carried.

Portland—Japan gets its first phosphate cargo from an Oregon port when the steamer, Vancouver Maru, which sailed last week, arrived on the other side of the Pacific. The boat is also carrying a quantity of steel and lumber.

Medford—Dairymen in this vicinity are looking forward to the erection of the new plant of the Mutual Creamery company, for which an expenditure of \$40,000 has been proposed.

Portland—With the acquisition by Portland of headquarters for the Northwest Blower Kiln company, Spokane loses that concern. H. B. Oakleaf, manager, has opened offices in this city.

The Harney County National bank at Burns has erected an electric clock on the front of its building, not only improving the appearance of the street and building, but adding a convenience to the town.

Abe Martin



Lester Myers has opened a soft drink and hair tonic parlor. The parlor that has a mirror on the public square.

LOGANBERRY PRICES.

One of the loganberry growers, Mr. A. M. Chapman, in a communication printed in Monday's Capital Journal takes the paper to task for having warned the growers early in the season that in demanding too high prices for berries they might be injuring their own market—a conclusion that subsequent developments have borne out.

Mr. Chapman wants to know what loganberries are worth, and although a loganberry grower himself, expects the newspaper to tell him. Growers evidently thought they were worth 15 cents a pound, for the pool refused an offer of 14 cents. Twelve to thirteen cents is the average rate being offered for loganberries, and nothing has been gained by rejection of the offer by the pool.

Both sides to this loganberry controversy practice the old-fashioned secret diplomacy for selfish purposes. Neither the canners nor the growers admit the press to their sessions. Neither canner nor grower will tell the prices paid or received. The canner offers propaganda for lower prices as a necessity and the grower propaganda for increased prices, and each expect support for their conflicting campaigns.

The Capital Journal believes that there is a middle ground, where both grower and canner can meet and both make fancy profits at present extra fancy prices. And whatever may have been the situation in past years, the grower has all the best of it this season.

REMOVING THE BAR SINISTER.

North Dakota courts have upheld the validity of the so-called "Tennison law" which abolishes illegitimacy of birth and provides that children born out of wedlock have equal rights with those born legally.

The law was passed in 1917 and provides that the children are entitled to education, to share equally in estates, etc., a form of declaration being provided by which such rights are established. It was fathered by B. G. Tennison of Fargo, who made an extensive study of the question, and is the only law of its kind in the world, except that in Norway.

For many centuries civilization has punished the helpless child for the transgressions of its progenitors and thrown unnecessary obstacles in the path of progress. A pharisaical society has added ostracism, humiliation and disgrace to force a crown of sorrow on the innocent.

Whatever the penalty for the violation of convention, it should not be visited upon the guiltless. A life which may mean so much to the world, should not be blasted by bigotry. The cradle is the proper place to lift the ban and not to inaugurate man's inhumanity to man.

It is a hopeful sign of a better day for brotherly love preached but seldom practiced when laws like the North Dakota statute replace those of a fanatical intolerance dating from the dark ages, that dam the babe for the sins of its parents.

PASSING ON A CRIMINAL.

A New York judge released a pervert whose specialty is assaulting little girls, to relatives in Oregon, because it relieved the state of New York of the expense of caring for him in the institution to which he was committed. While the little girls of New York are protected by shipping Milton Schwartz out of the state, the safety of the little girls of Oregon is thereby endangered.

This New York judge must have almost as perverted a sense of justice, to think that its needs are served by passing the criminal into a different field to exercise his depravity, as the lunatic he rescues from safe confinement in an asylum. He certainly is unfit for the bench.

Governor Olcott has done the right thing for the protection of the little girls of Oregon, in calling for the immediate arrest and confinement of Schwartz upon his arrival at Portland or elsewhere—and his family should be the last to shield or protect him from the consequences of his malady and their own sentimental folly.

Rippling Rhymes

GHOSTS.

Some people say that they have talked with ghosts across the river, and with the shadows they have walked—which rather makes me shiver. I've seen a weary waste of words, to bolster this contention, and "facts and figures" thrown at birds, too numerous to mention. I do not wish to pierce the veil my ignorance throws over me, or see or hear the phantoms pale of dead ones gone before me. My point of view may be a sin, a sign I'm callous-hearted, but I will wait till I cash in to greet the dear departed. Then we can sit around in space, in glowing fields Elysian, and speak our pieces face to face, with naught to blur our vision. Perhaps some distant ghost may weep to hear my accents quiver, but what I have to say will keep till I have crossed the river. The men who think and talk of ghosts where hustlers are embattled, by all the busy, buoyant hosts are looked upon as rattled. I do not wish to talk with shades in spectral, vague dominions, till this old world behind me fades and I am wearing pinions.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

By the Noted Author
IDA H. McCLONE GIBSON

MOTHER LOVE.

"How did you know I was going to call her Mary?" I asked Charles as he came to my room after telephoning John.

"I have heard you tell your mother a thousand times that if you ever had a little baby girl you would name it Mary, after her." Charles said nothing more, but his face lighted up, as he came toward my bed and looked down at my baby, fast asleep in the crook of my arm. Truly she was something very, very wonderful. Her little rose-leaf eyelids were almost transparent and with a little imagination I could almost see her golden brown eyes behind them. Her tiny mouth kept curling up into those little movements that only a mother describes as smiles. Her miniature hand kept reaching out as if to find me.

"Isn't she beautiful?" I asked. "Don't you think she is the most beautiful baby you ever saw, Charles?"

Face Becomes Solemn.

Charles smiled indulgently and then his face became rather solemn as he said: "Yes, she is the most beautiful baby I ever saw, dear, because she is yours." Just then the setting sun peeped under the half drawn shade and glinted across my baby's head, turning the ground a soft brown fuzz of glistening copper.

"She has hair just like yours, hasn't she?" said Charles.

I laughed. "I think she will have hair like mine when she has any. Just at present it seems like a soft, silken halo of gold, does it not?" I said, mixing my metaphors.

Charles stood quietly watching us, my baby and me. "I did not know," he observed, "that you were the Madonna type, Katherine. Whenever I have thought of you before I have always thought of you as an out-door girl—a girl who played tennis, who walked miles and swam like a mermaid and here I find you with that wonderful brooding look that every painter tries to get into his picture of the Mother of Christ. Do all mothers have it, Katherine, in the first few weeks of motherhood?"

"I am sure I don't know, Charles. I don't think I ever saw a mother with that look." I said.

"I have heard you tell your mother a thousand times that if you ever had a little baby girl you would name it Mary, after her." Charles said nothing more, but his face lighted up, as he came toward my bed and looked down at my baby, fast asleep in the crook of my arm. Truly she was something very, very wonderful. Her little rose-leaf eyelids were almost transparent and with a little imagination I could almost see her golden brown eyes behind them. Her tiny mouth kept curling up into those little movements that only a mother describes as smiles. Her miniature hand kept reaching out as if to find me.

"Isn't she beautiful?" I asked. "Don't you think she is the most beautiful baby you ever saw, Charles?"

Charles smiled indulgently and then his face became rather solemn as he said: "Yes, she is the most beautiful baby I ever saw, dear, because she is yours." Just then the setting sun peeped under the half drawn shade and glinted across my baby's head, turning the ground a soft brown fuzz of glistening copper.

"She has hair just like yours, hasn't she?" said Charles.

I laughed. "I think she will have hair like mine when she has any. Just at present it seems like a soft, silken halo of gold, does it not?" I said, mixing my metaphors.

Charles stood quietly watching us, my baby and me. "I did not know," he observed, "that you were the Madonna type, Katherine. Whenever I have thought of you before I have always thought of you as an out-door girl—a girl who played tennis, who walked miles and swam like a mermaid and here I find you with that wonderful brooding look that every painter tries to get into his picture of the Mother of Christ. Do all mothers have it, Katherine, in the first few weeks of motherhood?"

"I am sure I don't know, Charles. I don't think I ever saw a mother with that look." I said.

"I have heard you tell your mother a thousand times that if you ever had a little baby girl you would name it Mary, after her." Charles said nothing more, but his face lighted up, as he came toward my bed and looked down at my baby, fast asleep in the crook of my arm. Truly she was something very, very wonderful. Her little rose-leaf eyelids were almost transparent and with a little imagination I could almost see her golden brown eyes behind them. Her tiny mouth kept curling up into those little movements that only a mother describes as smiles. Her miniature hand kept reaching out as if to find me.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF JASPER JAY

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

THE NUTTING PARTY

For a long time Jasper Jay had been waiting for something. It was fall; and he impatiently watched the tree-tops on the side of Blue Mountain change from their quiet summer green to hues of flaming gold and red. Though they were beautiful, to tell the truth Jasper did not in the least care what color a tree was. So long as it bore nuts, he was satisfied. And to him the turning leaves meant only that the autumn was lengthening—and the nuts were growing ripe.

That was what Jasper Jay was waiting for. And as soon as the frosts came and burst open the prickly pod that covered the beechnuts he intended to lead the first nutting party of the season to the place where the beechnes grew.



Jasper gave Jake a cool nod and turned his back on him.

Now, going a-nutting with a crowd is much more fun than gathering nuts alone. And Jasper usually preferred a nutting party of a dozen blue jays. Then he always had twelve times as much fun as he could have just by himself—because there was twelve times the noise.

So on the very first day that the nuts were ready to be eaten Jasper Jay asked eleven friends to join him.

That Elizabeth was the first name of Miss Moreland.

I felt the hot blood rush over my face. I didn't want Charles to think I was jealous. I really wasn't jealous—but I did not intend—in fact, it sickened me to think of my darling baby with a name that I should always associate with the utterly selfish kind of woman I knew Elizabeth Moreland to be.

"Well," said Charles, changing the subject, "do you know John is coming for you just as soon as he can get here. I gather you heard what I said from my end of the wire."

"Yes, I heard what you said, Charles."

"Then you should be perfectly happy very soon, with husband and child with you."

"I will not be any happier than I am now. In fact, I am not sure that John's coming will not break into my bliss."

(Tomorrow—The Ouija Board)

Wool Growers Unite To "Protect Selves"

Albuquerque, N. M.—The Wool Growers' Co-operative association of New Mexico has been formed for the purpose of eliminating middlemen and increasing the returns to the sheepmen. It is the intention this year to concentrate in a warehouse in Chicago for grading and selling to spinners, as much of the wool clip as it pledged to the association. When the association is considered as permanently established and is sufficiently strong financially, arrangements will be made for one or more bonded warehouses in this state, where the wool will be graded and sold.

Sheep men say at present wool passes through the hands of from two to five persons after the grower sells it until it reaches the man who makes it into cloth.

New Mexico's wool clip this year will be estimated amount to 18,000,000 pounds. Growers have already pledged 3,000,000 pounds to the association.

Preus Leads In Primary Vote In Minnesota

St. Paul, Minn., June 22.—Primary election returns from 1005 of 2195 Minnesota precincts, compiled early today, showed that State Auditor J. A. O. Preus was leading a field of 31 candidates for the republican gubernatorial nomination with a plurality of 21,500 over Henrik Shipstead of Glenwood.

Preus was the choice of the republican elimination convention. Shipstead was the non-partisan league candidate.

Mayor L. C. Hodgson of St. Paul, who polled a big plurality in this city, was leading the seven candidates for the democratic nomination for governor.

Indian's Prediction Verified In Alaska

Portland.—Somewhere near Bonneville, Oregon, in the vicinity of the state fish hatchery, there is said to have been hidden a ten-gallon cask of whiskey.

According to the Indians, the liquor has been buried since the late '30's, when Captain Bonneville was exploring the Oregon country. The Indian stories, said to be truths and not legends, state that Captain Bonneville had more liquor in his caravan than could be easily carried, so he is said to have buried a ten gallon cask near the present site of Bonneville. The Indians have handed the story down for many years, explaining that none of the tribesmen have found it.

Farming operations in Umatilla county will be seriously hampered if

"Let's go over to the oak woods! There are plenty of acorns there; and we can have lots of fun." All the crowd—except Jasper Jay—shouted something that sounded like "Hurrah!" And before Jasper knew what was happening everybody had started for the oak woods. This time it was Nolsy Jake that led the nutting party. And all Jasper could do was to follow with the others.

He was no longer the leader. And he was very, very angry. It had been his party. In the first place. And there was Nolsy Jake, whom he had

THE NEW United States Cream Separator WITH DISC BOWL

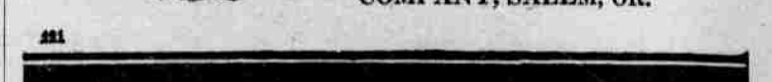
"The 'U. S.' proved the best! In the most severe contest."

It excels all others in the following points: One-piece frame, sanitary base, all gears enclosed, shafts do not turn, oil splash system, slow speed crank, right or left hand, easy running, fewer bowl discs and interchangeable, easy washing, close skimming.

Time has not changed the fact that the UNITED STATES SEPARATOR in open competition, set the World's Record for close skimming, .0138 of 1 percent, in the most thorough test ever conducted.

You can make a World's Record in close skimming in your own dairy by using a New United States Disc Separator.

Come and see
MARION CREAMERY & PRODUCE COMPANY, SALEM, OR.



"I'm here to Tell You"

says the Good Judge

That you get full satisfaction from a little of the Real Tobacco Chew.

The rich taste of this class of tobacco makes it last longer—and cost less—than the old kind.

Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.

Put up in two styles

RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco
W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco

Weyman-Bruen Company, 1107 Broadway, New York City

IT'S A TREAT

To eat, with or without butter, a slice of our light, white, pure, BAKE-RITE bread. Children and grown-ups both are fond of our bread; it's so soft and fine flavored, like rich cake. Try a loaf and judge yourself.

Bake-Rite Bakery
457 State St. Phone 220

LADD & BUSH Bankers

Established 1868
General Banking Business
Office Hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

U.S. Attorney Fixes Sugar Price, Claim

Honolulu, T. H.—With fields of sugar cane stretching for miles across the island from the outskirts of the city, Honolulu likely will be paying 26 cents a pound for its retail sugar in the near future, say the grocers.

The dealers say they have been buying sugar at 24.25 cents a pound and they are allowed two cents profit by the United States attorney general's order.

As Child Loses Sight, Faithful Dog Is Trained

San Francisco.—A half grown collie dog, humane workers here have learned, is being trained at Pleasanton, a town across the bay from San Francisco, to take care of a little girl who is gradually going blind.

Little hope of the child retaining her eyesight is held, and it is believed that the dog will be able to lead her safely when she is no longer able to make her way about alone.

There's a Rich Snappy Flavor to INSTANT POSTUM

that coffee drinkers like, and it's more healthful.

There's a Reason

Because of the elasticity of the Jantzen stitch, these suits fit the body easily, naturally, comfortably. They do not allow water to be held between the body and the suit—they make swimming easier.

Men, women and children, there's a "Jantzen" in your size—and just the color you want—at the good shops of your city.

Jantzen Knitting Mills
Portland, Oregon

Jantzen Knitting Mills
Portland, Oregon

Jantzen Knitting Mills
Portland, Oregon